

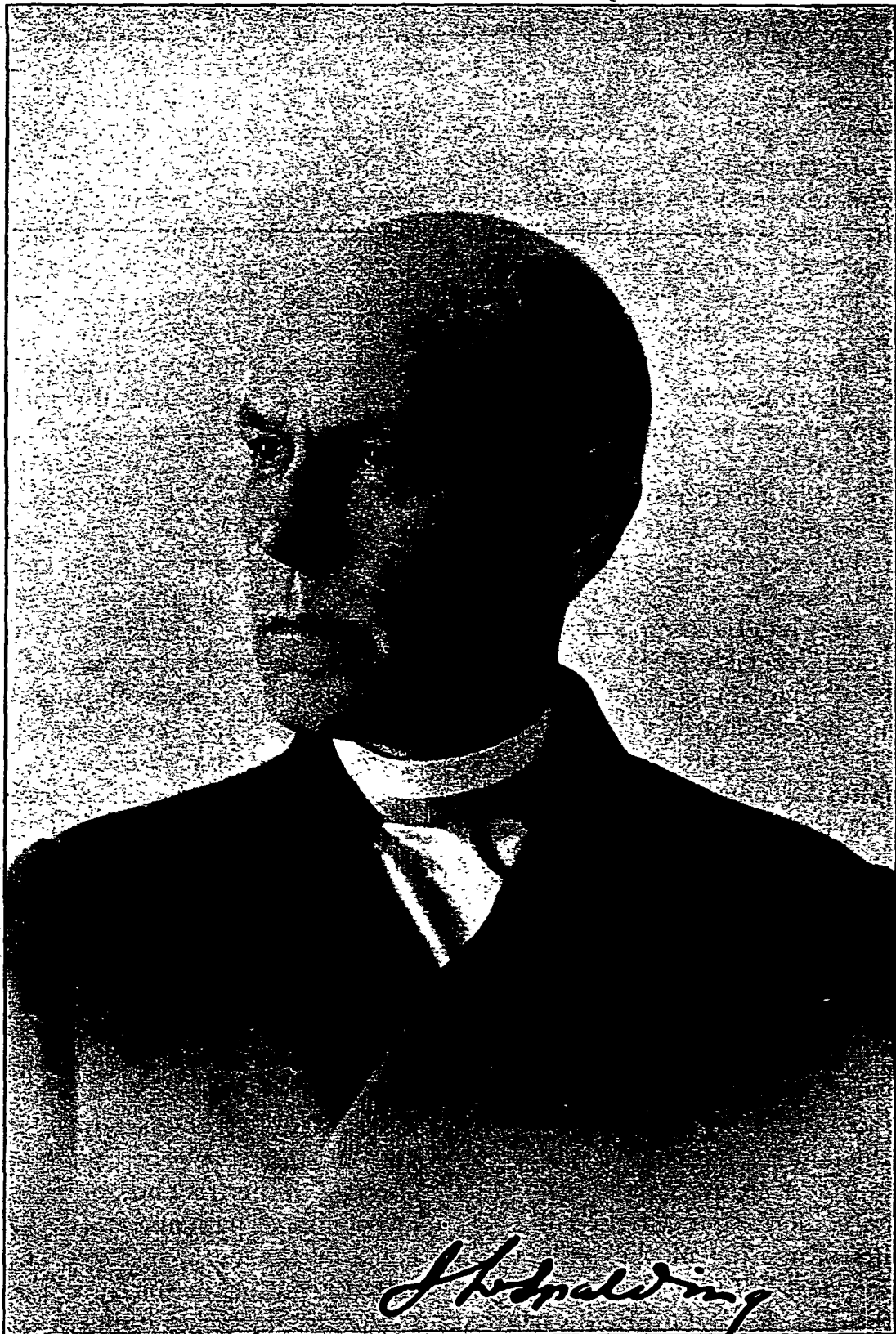
THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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RIGHT REVEREND JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.,
BISHOP OF PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

ORATOR OF THE DAY,

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1899.

A Lesson in Patriotism and Religion.*

CAPTAIN J. J. ABERCROMBIE, U. S. VOLS.

REVEREND FATHERS, Compatriots and Comrades:—I am honored in being permitted to stand here in this blessed God's Acre as the chosen orator for Notre Dame Post, G. A. R., a gallant remnant of brave men once soldiers of the Republic, now faithful soldiers of the Cross, who today occupy the most unique, as well as the choicest position in the great soldier organization of the United States. My spirit has been stirred to its very depths as I have received the greetings of my comrades and the friendly welcome of the reverend co-workers of him whose memory I shall ever cherish with sincere admiration and loving respect; and as I look into your faces, I can but wish that I were worthy to present my subject. Bear with me kindly, then, and take my efforts as coming from a heart full of esteem and regard.

We are once more assembled—fewer in numbers but riper in years—to bring unfading garlands of affectionate remembrance and to pay tender homage to those honored ones who have passed over the last river of life's campaigns. The evening time has come to us, life's shadows are lengthening, and winter is on the way. Each year shortens our roll-call, sets the frosts of time more markedly among our straggling locks, imprints more deeply the furrows of time on our cheek and brow, and adds a faltering uncertainty to footsteps whose once martial tread echoed in the ear of listening nations as we followed our flag through its tempest of war to victory and a peace that established beyond peradventure our place in the foremost ranks of all the world's peoples. For each and all of us, the camp fire of life must soon cease to burn. Even now the smoldering embers glow but feebly, and the flickering flame is fast fading away in the darkness of forever; even now we can hear the faint, mellow bugle-call sounding life's tattoo; and speedily must follow the taps when the soldier's good-night call,—put out your lights—lingering on the night's still air. The stroke must fall that stills forever the beating of the last loyal, faithful heart that once throbbed beneath the coat of blue in a

mighty nation's struggle. Three decades and more have drifted into the shadowy mists of the past since the going down of the sun upon Appomattox' crimson field. Thirty-four years it is since we stood with sympathetic hearts listening to the heart-broken chants of the "Miserere" of a gallant though vanquished foe. How far away it all seems as we stand here today! How profound the contrast between those hours and days of bloodshed and the still serenity of nature as it greets us now! What soul-stirring thoughts, what glorious recollections, what thrilling memories of all that men hold great in war and good and true in individual combat, come crowding on our minds, as through the vistas of the years gone by we trace the history of the gallant legions as they followed their blood-baptized flag. While the soldiers of the Old World fought to make their monarchs greater, you fought to make your enemies equal in all things, and to enable their children to enjoy the blessings of this country equally with your own. It is indeed meet and right that we should turn aside from the bustle and turmoil of business and the selfish struggle for wealth and power and place, which tend to dwarf our affections and repress the better feelings of our nature; and from the contemplation and the study of the noble examples and the worthy deeds of those who have made the past illustrious draw lessons which may enable us to meet with braver spirits and more trustful hearts the responsibilities of the present and the trials of the future.

The graves that cluster around us here, the peaceful resting-places of a nation's heroes, are green and fair, and within them they who fell, after life's fierce and fitful fever, are sleeping well; and we have come to show the world that we have not forgotten them. Unknown to the great and busy world at large are their names—unknown to them was the greatness and the glory of their deeds. And is not this the story of the world's best manhood, and of its best achievements? The work by the great unknown, for, the great unknown—the work that, by fidelity in the ranks, courage in the trenches, obedience to the voice of command, patience at the picket line, vigilance at the outpost, tender ministration and self-abnegation in the succor and consolation to the shattered and dying comrade, is done by the great host that bear no splendid insignia of rank, and figure in no commander's dispatches. The work, with its vast and incalcul-

* Address delivered on Memorial Day at the graves of the deceased comrades of N. D. Post, G. A. R.

able and unforeseen consequences for a whole people,—is not this work which we are here today to commemorate at once the noblest and most vast? And thus we learn where a nation's strength abides. A hundred years and more ago, the most profound philosopher and the most accomplished orator of modern times said of our forefathers: "In other countries the people more simple, of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and scent the approach to tyranny in every tainted breeze." These words of Burke are as applicable to the soldier of '61-'65 as to their patriot sires of 1776. Their strong love of liberty and keen appreciation of its blessings, their sturdy self-reliance and law-abiding habits, gave them a conscious self-respect, a spirit of personal independence, a sense of their own importance, an individuality and pride that made each man feel as if the fate of every battle hung on his single arm. Thoroughly satisfied of the righteousness and justice of their cause, animated by the loftiest patriotism, shrinking from no hardships, regardless of every danger, in war and in "peace, which hath its victories no less renowned than war," they have illustrated every virtue that dignifies and ennobles man; and their unparalleled achievements and self-restraint, appreciated and applauded by friends and foes alike, will be garnered up in the great storehouses of history as part and parcel of those cherished memorabilia, those eternal possessions, which constitute a nation's glory. It was not this man nor that man that saved our republic in its hour of supreme peril. Let us not, indeed, forget her great leaders, great generals, great statesmen, the greatest among them all, her great martyr and President—Lincoln. But no one of these, then, who would not have told us that which we may all see plainly now—that it was not these that saved their country, but the host of her great unknown. These men that, without the spur of ambition, the love of glory or the hope of reward, other than that which the consciousness of a duty well performed brings to every true and noble heart; these, with their steadfast loyalty; these with their cheerful sacrifices; and these, most of all, with their simple faith in God and in the triumph of His right,—these were they who saved us! It was God in the people that made the

heroism which in these unknown ones we are here today to honor. It must forever be God in and with the people that shall make the nation great and wise and strong for any great emergency. Sweet to you, my comrades, must be the memories of those days long gone by, recalled by these services more vividly than brush can paint or pen narrate; sweet to you must be the proud consciousness of having gone down into the very jaws of death for your country's sake; and tender indeed are the revived recollections of our soldier dead, since we have been spared to witness the fruition of our works in a reunited and prosperous country!

The record of the world stands that no army ever equalled our grand old army of the Republic. Flushed with triumph and drunk with the wine of victory, it had become a terrible power for good or for evil, a menace in the hands of an unscrupulous leader. But the ties of patriotism, the individual intelligence and pride of country, paramount in the heart of the boy in blue, governed his going away and his coming home; and coincident with the announcement that their work was done, there passed away this magnificent army, this trained and disciplined fighting machine. It vanished as in a night, and with the rising of the morning sun there was heard once more the myriad voices of industry throughout the land. Banker and clerk, merchant and artisan, professor and student, farmer and miner, and all the various types of industrial life, that had kept a touch of elbow through days of blood and desolation, once more took up the thread of life's peaceful lines to serve, as law-abiding citizens, the nation they had saved as gallant, loyal soldiers. They had set a precedent and builded an object lesson unpictured and undreamed of by the rulers of the Old World. They had made their flag the "flag of the free" in fact as it had only been in name before; for under its folds, up to that time, had existed and flourished a system as old as history, which had prevailed in every nation, age and clime, and which had stood a bar sinister on fair Columbia's lustrous shield since the day of her birth. They had set their nation upon the heights of Freedom, fearless before the powerful and magnanimous toward the weak. They had cemented with their blood the tottering walls of the temple of Liberty, placing as its corner stone justice and right, that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, might stand forever. Generations may

come and generations may go, and the issues of their day may pass into the pages of history, but the things that were wrought by the boy in blue made the triumphs of their sons possible. He of '61-'65 brought forth living results more far-reaching and enduring because his work made possible the prosperity and progress of the nation, when he secured the perpetuity of these United States of America.

But this was no summer day's task. The campaigns of the past year were as a passing summer cloud to the wild tempest of war that encompassed us round about when we kept step to the music of the Union, until we heard "the glad refrain of rended bolt and falling chain," swelling into a glorious "Te Deum" as it broke from the lips of four millions of swarthy freed men throughout the land of the South. The destiny of other nations as well as our own was being determined by our battles, and when the end had come the New World was not only freed from the contamination of human bondage, but it was established for all time that no Christian nation or civilized people would again endure that form of human injustice within its limits. The barriers of inherited caste had been beaten down, and the equality of man was no longer a mere fiction, but had become an unalterable reality and a living truth.

The smoke of conflict has passed away, our guns have been silent and our sabres sheathed for more than a third of a century; and while those events are but recorded history to the generation of to-day, yet, to those of us who were actors in that drama, it is a holy and a sanctified memory wherein we dwell heart to heart with those that have only gone before. As months and years pass, we realize more and more the sublimity of American courage and the grandeur of American sacrifices! The lapse of time only increases the glow of the brightness and splendor of those triumphs of American genius and perseverance. Our annual services are not annual self-glorifications, nor arrogant rehearsals of triumphs over a vanquished foe, but rather commemorative of an epoch in our history, the results of which have proved a common blessing and out of which has been builded a temple of American brotherhood wherein all may dwell together in unity.

And now that the achievements of the past year are on record, the world knows that all its accomplishments and glories are but the development and fruitage of the great struggle through which we passed in pain and tribula-

tion, with loss and sorrow and great renown, a generation ago. All men see that our sons have fought a battle further on, in the prolongation of the same road where, thirty-five years ago, we left our dead and set up the trophies of our victorious arms, and all men anticipated that in the progress of future events, the same impulse which we gave will carry the nation forward until human rights are everywhere established and peace comes on to universal sway.

But let us consider other affairs, and look over minor results arising from the great conflict;—historians will preserve the glories and victories; let us recall some of the unheralded achievements. Four years of such bloody strife and contention by land and on sea could not but leave its trail of havoc and desolation, until the most insignificant hamlet within the borders of this great land had felt the cruel hand of war, and seen the little mound arise to mark the spot where slept her soldier hero; while throughout the broad land there arose unceasingly the wailing of the stricken-hearted, even like unto the cry of old, "O Absalom, Absalom, my son Absalom!" When the survivors came straggling home from the hospitals and convalescent camps, weak and shattered from out the campaigns that had led through fever-laden morass and malaria-breeding fen, to mutilating battlefield—men who had felt the pangs of dissolution, so near had they been to death,—they told with grateful hearts of the self-sacrifice and devotion of the pious nurse who had brought them back to life again, of her quiet and unobtrusive ministrations born of a sense of duty to God and her faith. It was a sweet and blessed memory that the boy in blue carried with him to his northern home when he went out strengthened and renewed from the care of the Sisters of the Catholic Church, of the soothing touch that, when fainting and weak, had brought to him the dreams of the babbling brook and scented field, and the faces of the dear ones in his far-away home; of the unremitting tenderness of these holy women to the fevered and shattered patient, as silent and brave they passed from cot to cot, never faltering, and carrying the sunshine of cheerfulness and restfulness in their very presence. Even when disease, from its very loathsomeness and contagion, drove all others from his side, the stricken boy in blue would wake to find the saintly Sister hovering over him, never wearying in her welldoing. And came too the Rev-

erend Father with words of cheer and comfort and welcome relief for his physical as well as his spiritual needs. They were the heroes of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness." In the glare of the midday sun, in the still watches of the night, amidst the sick and dying, silently and tenderly their work was done.

Prejudice is the first-born of ignorance and seldom outlives its parent; and so when the men in blue were gathered together from the uttermost limit of the land to serve under the banner of the Union, very many came charged with their local prejudices and sectional traditions. The narrow limit of their lives had begotten narrowness of judgment with bitterness of belief and religious fanaticism. Meeting on the common ground of patriotism their sectionalism became subordinated to the harmony of purpose necessary to the success of the cause. The courtesies of daily intercourse buried enmities, and when they had marched shoulder to shoulder and kept the touch of elbow as they passed through "the valley of death," a broader definition of true Americanism was established. New friendships were made and cemented through the comradeship in common peril, and men looked at the world in a new light. The kindness and gentleness of disposition, the absolute devotion to duty and utter unselfishness of the Reverend Father and the holy Sister, their tender ministrations to the shattered fragments of humanity on the field and in the hospital, without regard to creed or color or race, was a revelation that overcame the tyranny of preconceived opinion, established a new order of things; and religious intolerance prevailing through the ignorance of the many and their tenacious holding to tradition, was swept aside by the living illustrations of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty under all circumstances and the personal demonstrations of impartial charity and courageous self-abnegation exhibited by the black-robed religious of the Catholic faith. And this was not by any means the least among the beneficent results of the war for the preservation of the Union. From this new era of mutual consideration, patriotic tolerance and regard, came a new understanding of the declaration that "all men are born free and equal." Living exemplification by the heroic religious non-combatants had demonstrated the greater breadth and wider scope in their practical definition of the word, Freedom; and out of this new light was conceived the plan, and in that spirit, the comrades of marches many and of

the battlefields where they stood ever in the presence of death, clasped hands in gratitude for their deliverance, and joyfully laid the foundation for that great organization—the Grand Army of the Republic—whose basic principles are Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, and whose religion is that of the black-robed heroes, Priest and Sister, who ministered to all the suffering and needy soldiers without regard to creed, color or condition of life. They asked no questions in the field or hospital; we ask no questions in life save that the needy shall have been true to the flag under which they lived and from which they claimed protection. As the perfume follows the rose, so have the good deeds and loving kindness of the Reverend Fathers and blessed Sisters remained a fragrant memory in the heart of the boy in blue, and taught him that lesson of peace and goodwill, which has become a recognized factor in American affairs, and which bids fair to remain a blessing to future generations. To these ends none have contributed more largely than your own loved order, the Congregation of the Holy Cross; and when the records of the Republic shall have been made up, the name of Notre Dame will stand emblazoned high on the roll of honor for the example of its leaders, and for the lesson of true patriotism and pure Americanism taught her sons.

As we stand here to-day amid these peaceful scenes, let us call to mind those who stand before the great Captain-King beyond the border land. In death we salute them and in life we honored and revered them, and we pray out of the depths of our hearts—*Requiescant in pace.*

"Some with bayonets in hand,
Some with sword-blade fought;
Some were ordered to stay and stand;
Some how to die were taught!
But by order of the Captain-King,
Though our comrades be fast sped,
On His muster-call the names shall ring
Of the living and the dead!"

You have heard, my friends and compatriots, the honored names of those who have worked with you and taught with you, and who make up the Roll of Honor of your soldier heroes, but who now answer only to the roll of the Great Commander—Very Reverend William Corby, Reverend James M. Dillon, Reverend Paul E. Gillen, Reverend Joseph Leveque, Brother Polycarp, Brother Sebastian, Brother Valerian and Brother Richard. Time will permit of but passing record; but there comes to me a personal remembrance, and I can not refrain from brief mention of Bro. Polycarp, he who

sailed with that gallant admiral, who fought the fight of wooden walls against walls of stone, and taught the world how American men and guns are invincible; what greater glory can a man ask? And Bro. Sebastian, the iron-hearted, who was of the gallant band of Pennsylvania's sons, the first of all the nation's millions to rally to the defense of her Capitol when Secession's minions threatened its destruction, and who, re-enlisting, fought with the gallant Army of the Potomac from Bull Run to Appomattox, by way of over a hundred bloody battlefields. What a glorious record for mortal man! Take them each and all, brave men, cherished names; bright jewels in your crown of patriotism, fair Notre Dame. Nor would we forget those whose names are not inscribed on the roll of your Congregation, but with whom our dear Father Corby served so honorably and well—Father Thomas F. Mooney, Father Thomas Ouellet, Father M. F. Martin, Father O'Hagan, Father Bourget, Father C. L. Egan, and the brilliant Rev. Doctor Kilroy. They were his loving and beloved friends and co-workers in the Army of the Potomac, and they should all be our friends and honored comrades as well. We of the Grand Army bow in reverent affection as the roll is called. Many of these were originally and oft-times companions of my soldier days. Each of them honored names, all faithful soldiers and leaders in the Holy Church triumphant—each, as we recount them, brings up a flood of proud and tender memories. They rest with a consciousness of duty well performed, and with the assurance that they have heard the voice of the Greater Commander saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Taking the liberty of paraphrasing a recent speech of our dearly beloved comrade, Archbishop Ireland, I would say: "Two great lessons come prominently to the fore in the lives of these brave soldiers and servants of God—the patriot's love of country and love of Church—Patriotism and Religion. The highest liberty with authority, and the strongest authority with liberty are loved by the Church as they are loved by God, and it is required by all the laws that the Church shall be respected." It was in this belief that Father Corby acted when he organized your Grand Army Post at Notre Dame; and standing here to-day our thoughts revert to him as the central figure in our memorial service. Coming here nearly half a century ago, I can not think that his imagination ever spun such a web of fairy

possibility out of the dreary wilderness he then saw, as has been wrought into a tangible fact in the shape of the splendid structures which now shelter the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame. As Carlyle says: "The heart that remained true to itself never yet found the big universe faithless," and I can not but think that Father Corby found this a truth. Conviction was the keynote of his character—conviction based upon the action of a powerful intellect and a powerful conscience. Conscience, sensitive to over-refinement, told his intellect what was right; intellect, acute, eager, thoroughly informed, showed him how to reduce the abstract right to the concrete action; to proclaim the imperative of the hour, so that men saw and, seeing, obeyed. He possessed a mind remarkably quick and clear in apprehension, fertile in developing suggestions into principles, extending in scope, importance and influence far beyond the conception of the one from whom the suggestion was received. Never dismayed and never untrue amid all the scenes of his eventful life, as a soldier, as a citizen, and as a comrade, he was all that love of country and mankind required. He was social, kind, pure, gentle, serene and learned. Possessing great ability, he lived and moved quietly among his fellow-men. When he entered upon his duties at this University as its President, it was soon evident that he possessed every qualification to direct with signal success the affairs of the institution, and to mould the character and minds of those confided to his care. No figure-head was he, but a worker and a doer, bringing things to pass as they should be. Nothing escaped his attention, from the smallest detail of business to the gravest question of educational policy. Everything felt, with his presence, a renovating and progressive impulse.

In the darkest hour of our nation's life-struggle, when the surging waves of armed rebellion reached their highest point of destructive onset, with undaunted courage our gallant comrade, so capable, so firm, so true to his God and his country, realizing the need of more than human aid for the heroes gathered on the field of Gettysburg, his heart turned to the great Captain of all the hosts, Jesus Christ, and with the wild music of the whizzing bullet and the shrieking shell for an accompaniment, he commended the souls of his beloved soldiers to the care of God and gave them absolution, and with it came renewed inspiration and faith, under the God of battles, that

victory should be theirs. Not only the faithful knelt that day in prayer, but those outside of his Church knelt with reverent mien and joined in pious supplication for help from on high. We love the man and his memory for what he was in the fullness of his personal gifts and graces, and though we shall not mourn his taking away, we cherish with a grateful pride the kindly recollection of his long-time nearness to us, and his memory is bound in with our affections enduringly. His well-rounded life flowed like the current of a deep river through fruitful fields, beneath the shadow of stately forests, beside and blessing garden and city, to the great ocean, the unfathomed, shoreless sea, whose waters await the coming of all souls. He has gone from among us—"gone before the Father, far beyond the twilight judgment of this world, high above its mists and obscurities." His name is enrolled among the names who have wrought for man in the love and fear of God, and in love unfearing for their fellowmen. Here in victory, supreme over death itself, and death, its conqueror, he rests, his warfare done. Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of these, who being dead, yet speaketh. Come, child in thy innocence; come, woman in thy purity; come, youth in thy prime; come, manhood in thy strength; come, age in thy ripe wisdom; come citizen; come soldier; let us strew the beautiful flowers around their last resting place; for they, like them, exhaled in their life nature's beneficence, and the grave has consecrated their lives and given it to us.

Reverend Fathers and young gentlemen of Notre Dame, your heroes dead have left you a legacy of an indissoluble union of indestructible States, compact of purpose for liberty and humanity. Guard well your charge from foes without and treachery within; and above all remember that it can only be yours so long as you may prove worthy of it. Like that Heavenly manna sent to the Children of Israel, the day wherein it is misused it will become a rottenness and a stench in the land.

And now has come the time when I must say hail and farewell. To have been foremost, even for a passing hour, amongst my comrades in the reviving of their hallowed memories, is high reward for the comradeship and loving consideration I bear for you all. I would that the duties your regard has laid upon me this day had been better discharged. We thank

God that we have lived to see the returned fraternities of the country, and we say as we are leaving our purposes and positions, our regrets and achievements: "Lord, lettest thou thy servants depart in peace." The reveille shall call us but little longer to meet to fight the old battles over again, and though the bugle sounding taps shall soon echo through a deserted camp, we feel in the goodness and loving kindness of our friends and compatriots, that our memories will be still secure.

And now, Reverend Fathers, Brothers, and young gentlemen, dear companions and friends of Notre Dame, we salute you, and declare we love and honor you. You have given strength to us when needed, and your patriotic example and pure Americanism has helped us to carry the honored memories of the Grand Army of the Republic forward through the years. To your loving care I confide the few remaining comrades of dear Father Corby's Post. Bear with their infirmities, and lead them through green fields and pleasant pastures to their last abiding place. "They have fought a good fight," and in our hearts we know that their thoughts turn ever to the land of the ideal, where the Almighty ruler of the universe and Captain of our hosts has placed their comrades along the picket lines just before the eternal camping grounds to hail and greet them when the shadows shall have lengthened and the sunset time shall have come.

The Memory of the Noble Dead.*

ELMER CROCKETT, NORMAN EDDY POST, NO. 579.

It is a great pleasure for me indeed, and a great honor as well, which I fully appreciate, on behalf of Norman Eddy Post and the Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic living in South Bend, to thank you, the members of the Notre Dame Post, for your very kind invitation to assist in the exercises of this day in this place.

Notre Dame Post is known throughout the length and breadth of our united and happy country. No other university in our broad land can boast of such an organization within its walls. I shall ever cherish in memory the humble part I was called upon to perform, as a department officer, when this Post was

* Address delivered on Memorial Day at the graves of the deceased comrades of N. D. Post, G. A. R.

mustered into the Grand Army of the Republic, and I shall never forget the eloquent and patriotic words uttered by Father Morrissey, the honored President of this great University, on that occasion. Yet amid these pleasant recollections there comes over us a sadness from which we can not escape.

You well remember, Comrades, that one of your number, whom we all loved, stood with us that night in apparently perfect health. He enjoyed the occasion. Everyone felt cheered by that well-known smile. The love he entertained for his comrades was written in his face. He appeared to us then, as he truly was, every inch a soldier, a patriot and a friend. You made him your first commander and you could not have been more honored. Father Corby loved us as we all loved him. The pleasant memory of this great and good man, this brave and fearless war chaplain, will be with us while life shall last. To-day Father Corby is in the bivouac of the dead, and it is one of our sad duties to place above his grave the wreath and the flowers as he fully expected us to do.

Memorial Day was named by the Grand Army of the Republic more than thirty years ago. The years have come and the years have gone since then; many of those who first performed these solemn and impressive ceremonies have gone to their long home, and yet to us the day remains. We are willing to hand it down to our children, and it now looks as though we would be permitted so to do.

Every loyal soldier heart within our organization rejoices that to-day, after so many years of hatred, he can march shoulder to shoulder with his countryman who fought in the confederate army, and together they can decorate the graves of those who wore the blue and the gray alike.

The ceremonies of this day were instituted because we love our comrades living and cherish the memories of our comrades dead. There is a strong tie that binds us together. We feel it in our heart of hearts and in every fibre of our being. This tie was welded on the march, in the siege and on the field of battle, in the presence of the old flag. Words fail fully to describe this welded link.

The members of the Grand Army of the Republic had another purpose in view when this day was set apart to commemorate the memory of our departed brothers. It was then hoped that an object lesson in patriotism might be the result, and you know that their

hopes were not in vain, and that they builded even better than they thought.

The young soldier then believed and the old soldier is still of the same opinion, that there is one duty he owes to his country and he will try to perform it while life shall last. That duty is to teach the rising generation to love that flag as he has loved it. He was taught on the fields of Shiloh, of Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Gettysburg and Antietam, to respect every fold in the old banner. He has a different estimate of it now than ever before. The old soldier may appear rough and uncouth outwardly, but he becomes very tender when in the presence of the flag of his country. When he sees it assailed a great lump appears in his throat, and he wonders if he has not strength sufficient to carry a musket again or to endure the march. He believes that where the flag is, there sterling patriotism abounds. He feels like taking off his hat to salute the one emblem of our country, whether it be floating on high, as we see it to-day above that beautiful campus, or in the hands of a boy who has been taught the lesson of true patriotism.

But this day no longer belongs to the Grand Army of the Republic. It is the property of the nation and it is observed by all our people. It will be commemorated long after the last soldier who took part in our Civil War shall have passed away.

My Comrades, in the disbanding of the greatest army ever organized, of which you were members, you gave to this nation and to the world at large one of the best lessons on citizenship ever recorded in history. When you returned from the field to civil life you resolved to give to this country a better government, to raise the standard of citizenship and make true liberty and the rights of man the corner-stone of the great Republic. Your efforts have not been in vain. You made it possible for the United States to continue as a nation, and have since helped to make our government the greatest and best the world has ever seen. The late war has demonstrated the fact that we can safely leave the flag in the hands of those who come after us. There are fresh soldier graves in our land to-day. Many young heroes have been stricken down in defense of our flag since last Memorial Day. Their loss is keenly felt, and we this day cover their tombs with flowers.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Finally, Comrades, we are rapidly approaching the sunset of our lives. Let us, while living, continue to be as faithful to every responsibility as citizens as we were true to every duty as soldiers. When we are dead may it be said of you and of me, as Archbishop Ireland wishes it to be said of him: "He was not an unworthy comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic."

Decoration Day Prayer, 1899.

REV. P. P. COONEY, C. S. C., CHAPLAIN N. D. POST.

O God of infinite wisdom and mercy, through whom all laws are rightly administered, assist with Thy holy spirit of counsel and fortitude the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted according to the laws of justice and mercy, and tend to the welfare of Thy people over whom he presides.

May the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, so that they may secure for us the blessings of peace, the promotion of national happiness, and the perpetuation of the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray for his Excellency, the Governor of this State, the members of Assembly, the judges and magistrates and all other officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare, that they may by the light of Thy wisdom be enabled to discharge the duties of their respective stations with fidelity and wisdom.

O God of infinite mercy, we pray Thee to remember especially the souls of thy servants who have gone before us with the sign of faith, and who have given their lives in defense of our admirable Government,

We come today to show our appreciation of their great sacrifice by decorating their graves; and while we deposit flowers on their graves, we inwardly feel how feebly they express our deep love and gratitude for the pure patriotism of the dead. In praying for our dead comrades, O God of mercy, we do not forget those who are living. We beseech Thee to watch over the souls of those who are now exposed to the horrors of war and to the spiritual dangers peculiar to a soldier's life. May Thy grace fortify them against the contagion of bad example, that thus being preserved from vice in serving Thee they may be ever ready in the discharge of their duties to meet death whenever it comes. This is the spirit fostered by the Grand Army of the Republic, which, we beseech Thee, O Lord! to take under Thy special care individually and collectively. Infuse into the hearts of all its members the spirit of charity and true patriotism, that thus they may carry out the main objects of their organization, viz., to aid one another in sickness and misfortune and to foster the true spirit of patriotism by which love for our glorious Union and Constitution may be daily increased in the hearts of all.

May the members of the Notre Dame Post be ever among the most zealous in carrying out these objects. Then may we entertain the joyous hope that on the Fourth of every successive July of the twentieth century, when our national banner is unfurled to the breeze, it will present to the eye of the beholder the same 45 bright stars; and that the Republic itself may take its proper place in the political firmament, not as a star is hidden by the light of the sun, but itself as a sun to illumine the political heavens of the Western World.

Why Memorial Day is Observed.

FRANCIS O'SHAUGHNESSY, 1900.

The brightest flowers are plucked to-day and laid upon the soldiers' graves. In the busy city streets the shops are closed; the workmen leave their tools; the factories and mills are stopped, and everywhere throughout the land is heard the muffled drum and the funeral march as the old guard walks solemn-wise to decorate the green-clad mounds of comrades. This day in all the year is given to the memory of the men that fought the nation's battles. This day in church and chapel the requiem is chanted for the unforgotten dead. Back as far as history goes the custom has been observed for nations to set apart a day in honor of their fallen soldiers.

Here in the United States Memorial Day should hold the highest place of honor, because volunteers have fought the nation's battles. Life was dear to these men, but dearer still was country; and as we look upon the graveyard mounds that form our soldiers' tombs, our minds are drawn away from sordid things because we stand before the shrine of patriots.

Memorial day is not a feast of exultation because the conquered of the war were of our own. The grey coats of the Confederacy enwrapped the breasts that throbbed with the ardor of a cause they thought was just. They thought their fight was fair, and the valor they displayed confirmed it.

No one that knew the southern men would say they were not brave, and the volunteers that filled the armies of the nation met foemen worthy of the name. Five years these armies fought—long dreary years, for death was everywhere—and when the cannon's roar was stilled a nation lay exhausted—spent in strength, spent in wealth, but united still. The volunteers had saved the nation, but when the muster rolls were read one-half the number slept in death.

European lands are defended by armies counted by the hundred thousands; but the United States stands out unique among the great world powers. No trooping forces stand at beck and call equipped with guns; no conscript laws are written on our statute books,—a call to arms alone is needed. While poverty

(Continued on Page 616.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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} Reporters.

—The SCHOLASTIC makes its valedictory by taking a resumé of the past work of Notre Dame, and pointing in a conservative manner to what we may expect in the future. In the last few years we have marched to the front with steady progress, until this year we reach our highest point by being first in the athletics of the state, second in the athletics of the West; first in debate, first in dramatic work,—since we are the only ones to produce a Greek tragedy in its original language,—first in wireless telegraphy, and running evenly abreast with all others in general class work. Every course has been raised and rounded out; the requirements for graduation are higher; the courses are more definite, so that the student may know just what is required of him, and just where he stands. Thoroughness is the essential of all work.

Behind this advancement, urging and directing it, has been one person whose special care is to raise our standard and make the sons of Notre Dame the peers of graduates in any other university. Our great success can be traced back to Rev. President Morrissey, whose interest in all departments is limited only by securing for the students the greatest comfort, pleasure and advantages in their work, and the best results from their labor.

We are pleased to note that since Father Morrissey's visit to Europe he has decided to add two new courses to the University's curriculum. One includes studies in Economics and History, the other embraces Architecture. Of the importance of the first course we need scarcely speak since its usefulness spreads out through many walks. A postgraduate course in these studies will form the School of Journalism.

Notre Dame's great athletic success is in no small measure due to the encouragement received from the President and Faculty. While looking after the development of the mind they have not forgotten that a well-trained body is necessary for a useful and active man. Hence the building and equipment of our gymnasium was carefully looked after in order that students might have ample opportunity for physical culture. At present Father Morrissey is endeavoring to secure the services of a competent and well-experienced physical director, so that hereafter our athletes and all students will be carefully trained and developed.

—Well, fellows, perhaps we will not see you again before you go, so let us say farewell. In the stretch of college life just run, we have been breast and breast all along the line, and so we reach the mile stone together. Here, where we separate to run on different tracks and finish, we know not where, we claim that our past work has entitled us to a lasting comradeship with you. Perhaps you may not have noticed us, while you were rushing along your course. You may never have stopped to see whose feet were clattering at your side. Yet, gentlemen, the old SCHOLASTIC had its entry in the race. We had our channel to run in, and though it did not lead us in front of the grandstand for a finish, we came out bearing points for old Notre Dame. Never yet, though many have run dead heats with us, have we lowered our colors. We were always—but, then, this year's races are done, and the SCHOLASTIC is highly satisfied with all. We shall stop you no longer; our farewell is this: Athletes, baseball, football and track, debators, students, professors, Faculty, and all Notre Dame, may the best be yours, and may your shadows ever walk 'mid life and love and happiness and good old friends, and let us never forget that our honor and progress are those of Notre Dame.

Corpus Christi Procession.

Among the many beautiful ceremonies of the Church that occur throughout the year, there is none more imposing or fraught with more meaning than the procession of Corpus Christi. And probably nowhere in America is this ceremony conducted with more pomp and splendor than here at Notre Dame, where all the conditions seem arranged to add to the beauty and solemnity of the occasion. The feast of Corpus Christi dates its origin to the thirteenth century. The Church always has celebrated the institution of the Eucharist on Thursday in Holy Week. But since that season is taken up with a consideration of Christ's passion it was desirable that another day be set apart as the feast of the Blessed Sacrament. This consideration prompted a petition to Urban IV. for the celebration of the feast throughout the Church. The Pope assented, moved partly by his desire to stem the heresy of Berengarius, which denied transubstantiation, and in 1264 the feast was instituted. From the first the procession has been part of the ceremonial. Corpus Christi this year came upon June the first, but its celebration at Notre Dame was postponed until last Sunday, when the procession took place.

At half-past seven in the evening all assembled in the College Church for the opening ceremony. Rev. President Morrissey officiated, assisted by Fathers French and Crumley. The procession then formed; the students of the various Halls, the Community and University Band preceding the Priests, who, clad in golden vestments, bore the Sacred Host. At Sorin Hall the procession halted, the words of the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* broke the evening stillness, and from the altar erected upon the stone porch the Benediction was given. The procession then moved round the oval, its path ablaze with lights and strewn with flowers, up to the steps of Science Hall, where a second altar stood, and here the Benediction again was given. To the beautiful strains of the *Venite Adoremus* the procession then moved on to the Main Building, where again it halted; and at the large altar upon the massive porch the Sacred Host for a third time was raised on high. Returning to the Church the final Benediction was given, and all joined in the singing of the *Te Deum*. Thus closed one of the most imposing ceremonials of the scholastic year.

The Elocution Contest.

In the Elocution Contest Wednesday morning, Mr. Alfred J. Duperier was awarded first place. With reason, it may be said, the contest was of a high order. Each number was given with ease and no little degree of finish. Improvement on all other contests was noticeable in the unity and vividness that characterized the drawing of the "pictures." Contestants in former years were possessed of as much ease and grace, enunciated as clearly and had as much self-command as the elocutionists of the present year; individuals in earlier contests have presented good "pictures," but no set of contestants has been seen in Washington Hall in recent years that presented selections so clearly, that gave the graphic touch to the pieces, as did the men, without exception, of this programme. The attention of the audience was rarely lost after the scene was outlined, and perhaps, in no instance was the "picture" drawn and afterward blurred and obscured by senseless movement, lack of expression and meaningless waving of arms. There was an approach in nearly every selection to the art of vocal expression, which is very gratifying and promises well for the future.

The preliminaries left six men to compete for the medal, and they came to the test well prepared and well trained. Mr. Alfred Duperier opened the contest with "The Dying Alchemist." He deserved the first place by his persistent work, which was evidenced by his improvement since last year. Mr. Harry V. Crumley was awarded second place. He delivered "Parrhasius and the Captive." Mr. Wm. Wimberg ranked third with "The Polish Boy." Mr. Charles Baab gave "The Black Horse and His Rider." Mr. John J. O'Connell chose "Shipwrecked." Mr. Matthew Schumacher closed the contest with "Rienzi to the Romans."

Mr. M. J. McCormack played a violin solo between the fourth and fifth numbers, which brought great applause from the audience. The University Glee Club sang "L'Estudiantina" at the beginning and "Sweet and Low" at the close, in its usual good style.

After the vocal number the winner of the contest was announced, following the precedent established in the Oratorical Contest of last week. The judges were Prof. C. O. Davis, Rev. J. F. DeGroot and Rev. A. Zubowicz, all of South Bend.

Father O'Neill's Poems.



I had known Arthur Barry O'Neill intimately for many years; I had read everything he wrote, and had felt for his work more than languid admiration, but not till this little book,* in its drab Quaker dress, fell into my hands did I realize how much and how well Father O'Neill had written. A poet who frequents the magazines may impress you with his power; it is only when his work is gathered into covers that you can justly estimate his achievement.

Father O'Neill is *not* an Anglo-Saxon, and the birthright of the Celt is an instinct for musical language. If Walt Whitman had had a single Irish ancestor even twelve degrees removed he could never have been so austere, tuneless, and Francis Thompson—beautiful exotic that he is!—would be a more readable poet if a few of the old kings had perched on the branches of his family tree. No Celt ever wrote as these men. It is true that our Austin O'Malley did make some verses—

and good ones, too—in sportive imitation of Thompson, but it was a momentary lapse from grace (just to show he could be as wicked as any Anglo-Saxon), and he was soon back in the fold. Now, Father O'Neill's verse is remarkably musical—not merely fluent and regular, but melodious, too. A good test of the music-power of a poet is to observe whether his lines sing themselves into the memory, and the bulk of "Between Whiles" stands that test easily. In proof of this statement I wish I could reprint here "My Queen," "At a Grave in Winter," "A Reward," "The Duty of Praise" (a badly chosen title for a poem) and "Judge Not," besides the two long poems that close the volume. The last of these was written to celebrate a reunion of old boys in the college at Memramcook, which is Father O'Neill's *Alma Mater*. It has much the flavor of Oliver Wendell Holmes' verses on similar occasions. Here, for instance, is how the poet remembers those primitive times:

The low-browed rooms, the stinted space, the worn, uneven floor,
The plain rough desks whereon were carved initials by the score,
The box-stoves quaint that made a feint of warming chambers two,—
One half the stove in either, and the heat all up the flue!

The other of these poems is "The Legend of Brother Eugene," a remarkably good specimen of the narrative poem. It is thoroughly enjoyable, and, incidentally, it bears upon the knotty question of "predestination" that college boys ask trustful professors to disentangle for them at stated periods—especially when it is too hot to prepare class-work.

Satan calls on Brother Eugene after all his imps have vainly striven to draw the holy young monk out of his monastery and into a career of mere pleasure-seeking. The devil's argument is that Brother Eugene is the most foolish of men for practising the austerities of the convent, since God has already decreed either his salvation or his damnation, and no virtue on the Brother's part can change the decree:—

God sees you in heaven, or sees you in hell;
Where He sees you you'll go, live you ill or well.

It is then that Eugene recognizes the tempter, and meets his logic with this *argumentum ad diabolum*:

Then you say that my fate was decreed long ago,
That my lot I can ne'er hope to change;
Now, supposing all this to be even so,
I confess that it strikes me as strange
That *you* work so hard men's souls to gain—
If your logic is sound, then your work must be vain.

That God sees my future I know to be true,
He sees that I'll live well or ill;
Which means that He sees what hereafter I'll do
Of my own unrestrained free will:
But that God's foreknowledge coerces my act,
Neither I, nor yourself, believe to be fact.

It is said—of course without foundation—that when Richard Harding Davis first met Mr. Dunne, the creator of "Dooley," Davis said: "How strange! Do you know I expected to

* Between Whiles. A collection of verses by Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C. D. H. McBride & Co., Akron, O.

find you wearing Donegals." To which Mr. Dooley replied: "And I expected to find *you* in a pink shirt-waist." It is easy to misconceive a writer from his book, but no one who reads "Between Whiles" can get a wrong impression of its author. Whatever else Father O'Neill has written into this book, he has certainly written himself into it. Read its swift-running lines, palpitating with energy, bodying forth some fine fancy or some antique *concetto* in superbly wrought metre, and you get a fair impression of the clear head and the deft hand and the forceful character that penned them. They are distinctly virile, richly tinted with sentiment, but without a suggestion of bathos or sentimentality. They are conscientious; you may find lines that are somewhat lacking in smoothness, and at times there is false emphasis in the metre, but you will not in the whole volume find a single half-rhyme such as abound in the work of most contemporary poets.

I find, on looking back over these hasty lines, that I have quoted a few samples of Father O'Neill's lighter moods, and none which illustrate the serious side of his work. Well, if I were the author of "Between Whiles" I would be quite willing to rest all my claims on these strong lines:

Be not alert to sound the cry of shame
Shouldst thou behold a brother falling low.
His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow—
The brave repulse that heroes' praise might claim
Of banded foes who fierce against him came,
His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow—
Till this thou knowest, as thou canst not know,
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

"Judge not," hath said the Sovereign Judge of all,
Whose eye alone not purblind is nor dim,—
Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall
Hast thou received from those who vanquished him;
He coped, it may be, with unequal odds,—
Be thine to pity; but to judge him; God's.

For Notre Dame men, past and present, this volume has a peculiar interest from the fact that Father O'Neill held the chair of Rhetoric in our university about six years ago. Many of the old boys of '93 and earlier will be glad to know that these poems have been published in book form. They will want the volume as a souvenir of the days when the genial, whole-hearted priest used to "call class." And I venture to say that no one will be prouder than they when they learn that many of the poems comprised in this little book were thought worthy of a place in *Carmina Mariana*, a remarkable anthology compiled by Orby Shipley, one of Cardinal Newman's associates. J. C.

Exchanges.

This is the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC for this year in which the exchange column will appear, and I take advantage of that fact to make a little valedictory of my own. The valedictory, however, will be without tears, for while it is very pleasant to receive and look over more than a hundred college papers, it is very dry work to write a column about them every week. Consequently, the regret at parting from the exchanges is offset by the thought that never again will I have to write a word about them. The consolation, doubtless, is mutual.

There are a number of papers that come to us that I have failed ever to review or even mention. The solitary cause of this neglect is the fact that our exchange list is so large that it has been impossible to give due notice to all. Some discrimination was necessary; for the most part it has been haphazard, though, naturally, preference was given the larger and more pretentious publications. My successor shall be impressed with the necessity of method, and perhaps hereafter the ground will be covered more thoroughly than I have been able to cover it.

The past year certainly has been a most successful one for college journals. Nearly all of the literary papers now are published monthly, and the work done in them is surprisingly good. The short story has quite superceded the essay in college magazines, and as a consequence the work shows greater originality and ingenious cleverness than formerly. The *Yale Courant*, for instance, contains only fiction, and it is one of the cleverest little publications in the country. Illustrations is another department of the magazine to which college editors are beginning to pay some attention. Here the *Red and Blue* leads its contemporaries, it having by far the best staff artists.

The exchange columns, as a rule, are poorly conducted. Sidney Smith said that you should not read a book that you intend to review: this is the plan, I fear, that we exchange men adopt. This, however, is not the only trouble with the exchange columns; they generally are weak and pointless and reform is greatly needed in regard to them. I believe it is possible, if properly conducted, to make an exchange column readable.

With this criticism of my own department and a plea for reform, I make my final bow and bid adieu. SHERMAN STEELE.

Augustin Daly Dead.

It was with a severe shock that the news of Augustin Daly's death was received in this country last Thursday. In Paris at two o'clock Wednesday, June 7, the great theatre manager passed away. Heart failure, preceded by an attack of pneumonia, is said to have been the cause of his death. His remains will be brought to his native country. Such are the facts we learn from the Paris dispatches.

To the great mass of his fellow-countrymen, who care nothing for a play manager more or less, the death of Augustin Daly is not noteworthy; but to the large class who take an interest in matters theatrical, to those who study the stage and watch its evolutions, to



AUGUSTIN DALY, LL. D., '89; LÆTARE MEDALLIST, '94.

the numerous lovers of the drama and its artistic production, the death of Daly is more than a mere trivial event. No manager of the present day has done more for the stage in America than Augustin Daly. Against the gross tendencies of popular taste he has worked steadily and unweariedly for the past quarter century. He has had his trials and his failures, but he never flinched; and in the end he established something like a standard of excellence by which all other managers should be measured. He succeeded in educating actors and actresses a many, and with these he also educated the public. He made Fanny Davenport, John Drew, Ada Rehan, and many others the stars that they are, and with undoubted genius for stage management he made the operatic comedy and its setting a thing of the finest beauty. He did more than any other

manager of our time to bring back Shakspeare to his rightful place upon the stage, and he did this regardless of expense and often at a great loss.

Mr. Daly was in his sixty-first year and all his life was an indefatigable worker. He literally lived in his work. He is known principally as a manager, but he achieved his early successes as a playwright and adapter. He has also written a life of Peg Woffington, which is said to be the best biography in the language. He had a keen sense for the æsthetic and was a severe and painstaking manager.

At Notre Dame the news of Augustin Daly's death was received with sincere sorrow. On June 15, 1891, he took his company here, and no treat was ever more appreciated by the students of that day than the fact that Ada Rehan and others of Daly's company played behind the footlights of our college stage in François Coppée's "The Prayer" and in "A Woman's Won't." In 1894 the University conferred upon Mr. Daly, who had already been made an LL. D., the honor of the Lætare Medal, which was formally presented to him at his residence in New York by Archbishop Corrigan.

He was a scholar of worth and parts, a devout Catholic and a charitable man. At Notre Dame his loss is deeply felt, and the SCHOLASTIC begs to assure his widow and his brother, Judge Daly, of the sincere sympathy of all at Notre Dame for them in their bereavement. May he rest in peace!

Intercollegiate Games.

Captain Powers and his men returned from the Western Intercollegiate Meet without the pennant; however, they won second place, and were credited with three of the four new records made at Ravenswood last Saturday. Powers put the shot 40 feet 5½ inches, beating Roller's mark of 38 feet 3½ inches. He also, with Louis of Iowa, raised the high jump mark from 5 feet 9 inches to 5 feet 11 inches, Gaffney brought home the third record by lowering Taylor's mark of 0:34 3-5 in the quarter-mile bicycle race to 0:31 2-5.

When our men set off for the games no one at Notre Dame doubted that the team, to a man, would do all that it was capable of doing. They made such a good showing that every son of this place is very proud of them. Thirty-three points made our total against Chicago's forty-six. Certainly, the winning of second place must be a great satisfaction to one of the youngest members of the association; but when we consider the disadvantages and unfavorable conditions against which our men struggled, we must say, too much honor can not be given to Powers and his men.

Powers was the feature of the meet, a thing

that is habitual with him on such occasions. He was almost invincible, taking in all twenty-one points. He is easily the best athlete that has been known in the West.

Next to Powers, Corcoran did the best work for Notre Dame. He lost both dashes to Burroughs; but won the trial heat in the 220, which was the fastest in the race. His showing gives very great promise. Considering that he has been in the dashes only since April, his work was nothing short of marvelous.

Gaffney was our next best point-winner, taking first in the quarter-mile bicycle race. He rode a beautiful race, and lowered the record in this event 3 1-5 seconds.

Eggeman won our last point by taking third in the shot put. The remaining men of the team fought bravely to the end for points that failed to increase our total. This is the story of our first appearance in the Western Inter-collegiate games.

Local Items.

—Want of room prevents us giving a full account of the banquet given the class of 1900 at Hotel de Haney.

—The following dispatch from Manager Ragan tells of another victory for the Varsity.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., JUNE 8.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC:

NOTRE DAME,

Notre Dame, nine; Kalamazoo, eight. Fleming pitched five innings, Gibson four.—RAGAN.

Here's another one:—

ALBION, MICH., JUNE 9.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC:

Albion, five hits, two runs. Varsity, twenty hits, eighteen runs.—RAGAN.

—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated yesterday. At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was sung by Father Burns, with Father Morrissey deacon and Father Quinlan subdeacon. Last Friday a week ago the Catholic students received Holy Communion in a body and thus finished the ninth consecutive Communion of the novena in honor of the Sacred Heart.

—The competition prize drill for the gold medals to be given to the best-drilled privates in the military companies was held last Tuesday. Both medals were won by men in Company A captained by Mr. James F. Murphy. Ralph J. Elwanger proved himself the best at following the manual of arms as well as the foot movements. First medal was awarded to him. Mr. Grover C. Davis won the second medal.

—Last Thursday, while the students of the other halls were deep in their books and while the Laws were undergoing the rigors of an examination, the Minims betook themselves to the woods and enjoyed the blessings of a picnic. It was the occasion of the celebration

of St. Aloysius' day, which the little men of St. Edward's Hall anticipated by about two weeks. They feasted and played ball from early forenoon until sunset, when they returned to the University well pleased with their day's enjoyment.

—Thursday evening the St. Joseph Literary and Dramatic Society gave a reception to Bro. Boniface on the occasion of his feast day. The exercises consisted of an address, several recitations, and a debate on the subject, "Resolved, That the United States should not extend her territory beyond the Western Hemisphere." Messrs. J. Corley, Cullinan, and Furlong won the debate for the affirmative; the negative was upheld by Messrs. E. Corley, McElligot and Dorian. Mr. Benson, President of the organization, made the address to Bro. Boniface, and Messrs. Toner, Curran, Long, Shields, Barry, McDermot, and Crepeau gave the readings. A pleasant part of the entertainment was furnished by some graphophone selections.

—Programme for the Fifty-Fifth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame:

SUNDAY, JUNE 11TH.

8:00 A. M. Solemn High Mass
Very Rev. President Morrissey Celebrant.

Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. Luke J. Evers,
A. B. '79, A. M. '86.

2:00 P. M. Solemn Benediction and Te Deum
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12-14.

Examinations.

TUESDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Illumination and Band Concert at St. Joseph's Lake
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14.

8:00 A. M. Closing Examinations

10:00 A. M. Regatta

12:00 M. Dinner

2:00 P. M. Closing Exercises at St. Edward's Hall

3:00 P. M. Baseball Game on Brownson Campus

6:00 P. M. Supper

7:30 P. M. Band Concert on the Quadrangle

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 7:30 P. M.

Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall

"Marche Célèbre" *Lachner*

University Orchestra.

BACHELORS' DISCOURSES.

Oration "The Utility of Universities."

MR. EDWARD C. BROWN (IOWA)

"L'Estudiantina" *Lacome*

University Glee Club.

Oration "The Utility of Scientific Schools"

MR. EUGENE A. DELANEY (PENN.)

"Scene de Ballet" *De Beriot*

MR. M. J. McCORMACK.

Oration "The Utility of Medical Schools."

MR. JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND (INDIANA).

"Sweet and Low" *Barnby*

University Glee Club.

Oration of the Day

Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, D. D.,

Bishop of Peoria, Illinois.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 8:30 A. M.

Washington Hall.

Coronation March *Meyerbeer*

University Orchestra.

Quartette "Home, Sweet Home."

MR. F. J. SCHILLO,

MR. W. M. GEOGHEGAN

MR. W. C. KEGLER,

MR. T. A. STEINER

Class Poem MR. JAMES J. TRAHEY (Michigan)

Valedictory MR. JOHN F. FENNESSEY (Mass.)

Conferring of Degrees,

Awarding of Honors.

(Continued from Page 609.)

makes wretched the homes of European peasants, vast armies dressed in shining uniform parade before their king to make a holiday. The worker's cry is lost in the sound of trampling feet of cavalry, and the burden to support these armies lies heavily upon the poor. Not so in our country; for the armies labor in the fields, the workshops and the schools.

Where in history can be found a civil war more terrible than our own. From the Mississippi to the Ocean, from Maryland to Atlanta, the shriek of bursting shells reverberated. The waving columns marched bare-breasted to the cannon's mouth. Unterrified they heard the bullets fall about them. Hunger and privation did not decrease their ardor. No thought of peace was entertained until the national flag floated again from the capital of every state that formed the Union.

The price the soldiers paid for victory was great, for when Gettysburg and Chattanooga gave up their dead a nation wept at the havoc war had wrought. For every man that fell in battle a home was desolated. Five years of war had wasted fields which in other years were rich with harvests. A debt accrued upon the country that required a decade to remove.

When peace returned the mighty armies melted and long neglected labors were resumed. Many of the homes to which the soldiers of the civil war returned were darkened with the pall of sorrow, for perhaps a father's or a brother's chair was vacant. In some a young wife sat, and conjured up again a face of one that left no heritage but glory to his infant child. Out of the lives of these young men that fought were taken the fruitful years of youthful vigor. Companions of their boyhood slept in death; but silently they bore their sorrow and set their faces toward the world of strife.

The sight of marching men was fading from the memory of the elders; to the younger generation it was unknown, until a year ago the flame of war was kindled and the tramp of filing columns broke the quiet of almost forty years. The lads that marched in '98 had heard of war from the lips of soldier fathers, and the lines that swept the Cuban hills were filled alike with men from North and South. The blue and gray united fought beneath their country's flag.

On this memorial day the white-haired soldier strews with flowers the new-made grave,

and the nation's tears for Fredericksburg are blended with her tears for El Caney. The soldier of the civil war no longer walks with springing stride or form erect. His hair has whitened too, but in the hearts of men the gratitude is deeply set for the service he has done. The men that answered to the muster roll in '65 are passing now, and each year the ranks close up as the veterans gather to perform their task of love in the silent cemetery. Among the group that assemble here to-day is seen the black robe of religious. The badge open their breast betokens that they too were soldiers; their eyes beheld the slaughter of the battlefield. Their hands held firm the gun that pointed to the foe. How different is their vocation now!

In the still night the solemn chant of Benediction is carried on the evening air, the pale light of the candles flitters through the stained-glass windows of the church, as with bowed heads these soldiers kneel in prayer before God's altar.

In the little mound near by, marked with a simple cross, lies one that stood on the field of Gettysburg, and while the shrapnel burst around, stretched out his hands above the kneeling troops, and with uplifted voice pronounced the words of absolution. Beside him lie companions whose youth was given as ungrudgingly to country.

Gone!—their requiem is hushed; but their names upon the roll of honor proclaim that men may serve their God and serve their country.

Theatre Belles

MICHAEL J. MCCORMACK.

(With meek apologies to the author of
"Evening Bells.")

Those theatre belles! those theatre belles!
How nicely they "jolly" theatre "swells,"
Their toilets *recherche* and sweet,
Bring humble suitors to their feet.

But the benedict sighs for former days,
Whenever bonnet bills he pays.
Although he speaks not, his manner tells,
That it's safer to shun the theatre belles.

And so 'twill be when she is dead,
He'll court another and finally wed
The one who in his kitchen dwells;
For he's had enough of theatre belles.